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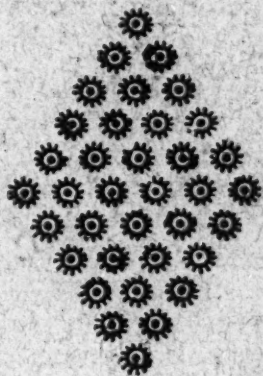
N O R T H E R N

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I N T H R E E

C A N T O S.



W A T E R F O O R D:

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NORTHERN

FOX HUNT

IN THREE



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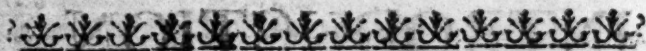
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THE

INTRODUCTION.

SHORT syne a friend inquir'd what I
 Thought o' the Northland Hue and Cry ;
 Quoth I, 'tis but an idle strowd,
 Indeed I hardly could read thro't,
 I kent a luckie rest her faul,
 Wha mony a better story taul'd ;
 Amang the lave I well can min'
 It, yet altho' tis lang sinsyne,
 About a Fœx she had a tale
 And then the wife could tell't fae well,
 Had I but time, and syne cou'd tell't,
 The Hue and Cry is naething till't.
 Well said my friend I wou'd be glad
 To hear what the auld Carline said ;
 I've heard that these auld warld folks
 Were very gueed at telling jokes.
 Ay that they were indeed said I,
 And ye shall hear it by and by.
 But then you will yoursel beguile
 If ye should look for modern stile,
 For in our honest luckie's days,
 Folks didna make fae great a phrase
 About their words, nor were fae pointed,
 But with plain sense were well contented,
 Now tent me and ye'se hear the tale,
 Just as auld luckie tauld hersel.

THE NORTHERN FOX HUNT.



CANTO I.

IN days of Yore a subtile Fox,
 The enemy of hens and cocks
 Near ----- stream had built his nest
 And a' the country round distressed
 It would be endless to rehearse
 His pranks, and twilt them into verse;
 Let it suffice that I select
 A few, and that for orders sake,
 And least his feats should you surprise
 Let me in the first place permise
 What follows, and mean rime suspend
 Your judgement till the story end.
 This Fox was a most daring creature,
 And of an enterprising nature
 For cocks and hens he bore no blame;
 No reynard choose a better game.
 So dauntless he and void of fear,
 He'd seize upon a horse or mare,
 I've heard altho' I scarcely can
 Believe't, he'd even **** a man;
 But he in sheep chiefly delighted,
 Nor was he easily affrighted;
 Nor would he think it any crime
 To seize haill hirdsels at a time;
 Nay, tea or gin if in his way,
 He ne'er neglect'd to make his prey;
 And if ye'll credit country clatters,
 He even stole their cordial waters;
 Nor was a boat e'er sooner landed,
 And to the shore the barrells handed,
 Than willy Reynard wou'd be there,
 And right or wrang wou'd hae a share.

At length the country took th' alarm,
 Each wondering how they got the harm;
 And tauld their ikaith wi' meikle grief
 To ane anither, while the thief
 Lay snugly by, nor could be found,
 But pillag'd a' the country round.
 Thought a' was well, tho' never worse,
 For by mischance a speckl'd horse
 A farmer had, which Reynard saw,
 And watch'd his time to drive away.
 But as this was a dang'rous game,
 Reypard had plan'd a cunning scheme.
 Having a horse a' speckl'd o'er,
 (Which he nae doubt had stole before)
 Just like the farmer's in the skin,
 But auld and usefess, lank and thin,



The farmer thought not o' this game,
 But brought his horse ae night frae hame
 Unto an inn, syne in the stable
 He hous'd the beast, and at the table
 He took his seat, the nappy ale
 Went round, and ilk ane tauld his tale.
 The farmer 'gan to lilt a fang,
 And a' their heads began to maung
 This Reynard saw, and to the stable
 He runs as fast as he was able,
 And soon unrig'd the farmer's beast,
 And on his own the harness plac'd.
 Th' auld beast stood saddl'd at the manger;
 Rare game thought Reynard, and no danger,
 At length the farmer thought o' hame,
 But never dream'd o' Reynard's game
 But mounts the beast, he saw him spotted
 Just like his ain, and never doubted
 But it was he, fae hame he went,
 Puts up the beast right well content;
 Then went to bed, but o' the morn
 When he went out his horse to corn,
 Gueed guide us! he cried, What can this mean?
 Syne claw'd his head and rubb'd his een,

That this is he I canna think,
 Or am I crazy yet wi' drink ?
 My horse was fat and plump yestreen,
 And now he's neaty skin and bane.
 It is nae him, I'll never think it ;
 Na, 'aith I'm nae sae easy blinked.
 Syne to the barn he runs in haste,
 Crys, here my lads, ye kent my beast :
 Now, tell me lads if this be he ;
 Na, na, quoth they, it canna be.
 Outfy goodman, what is the matter ?
 Where could ye get that ugly creature ?
 The farmer sidg'd and syne he said,
 I'll wad my head I ken wha's play'd
 This scurvy trick ; the Fox de'il eat him ;
 But by my faul if I do get him,
 He sall repent it deep and dear ;
 Mean time gae saddle my grey mare,
 This done, he mounts the beast outright,
 And like the devil i' moon light
 He rides, and as a fury ca'd
 An' mony a thump he gi'd the yade.
 Thro' thick and thin he gar'd her wrestle,
 Nor stopt till he had gain'd the castle ;
 Which gain'd he in a trice dismounted,
 And at the door syne gently dounted,
 Ask'd for my lady, and in short
 Was straight conducted thro' the court
 To where she was ; gueed day, quoth he,
 And scrap'd a leg ; welcome, quoth she.
 Syne tauld her a' baith crap and reet,
 By whom, and how he got the cheat ;
 How he and a' his neighbour folks
 Were daily plagued with the Fox.
 Beg'd her assistance, and consent
 To hunt the Fox, to the intent
 He might receive due punishment.
 Quoth she, (for she was mighty good,
 As a' great folks are understood
 To be, nor are, or can be rude)
 You're very welcome to the lads,
 And a' the tykes that taks the bauds,

For your assistance ; if ye find
 The Fox, to bring him here ye'll mind.
 Sae out they sets wi' madam's hounds,
 And a' the curs within the bounds ;
 Sheep tykes an' a' for they best kent him ;
 And now the hounds began to scent him.
 Thro' tick and thin the beagles ran,
 Followed by mony lad and man :
 And lang they trac'd the *Waterside*,
 When frae a hole close by the tide,
 Out springs the Fox quick as the wind,
 And left the beagles far behind ;
 And in a trice was out of view,
 But still the well breath'd tykes purse.
 Tho' out of sight, they never miss'd him ;
 But close thro' a' his windings trac'd him
 O'er hill and dale, thro' bog and mire ;
 At length poor Reynard 'gan to tire.
 What cou'd he do ? fatigu'd and spent ;
 The beagles now nae far behint ;
 He stands at Bay in dreadfu' plight,
 For now 'twas vain to trust in flight ;
 And gath'ring courage from despair,
 He fac'd about in hopes to skair
 The bloody pack ; but all in vain ;
 He in a moment had been slain,
 Had not the farmer been at hand,
 And call'd to mind Madam's command,
 To save the Fox, at least his life,
 And bring him straight unto the wife.
 Altho' to spare the creature he was laith,
 Up comes the lave gasping for breath,
 And blasting fair, hosten and cochen,
 For they were dreadfully forefochen.
 When to their wonder and surprize,
 Out speaks the Fox, and mercy cries,
 " Why thus torment a harmleis Fox ?
 " O mercy ! mercy gentle folks."
 Back they recorl'd in sad disorder,
 Nor would the stoutest venture forther.
 Gueed guide's ! they cried, & keep's frae evil,
 For we've been chacing at the devil.

But ane some wiser than the lave,
 Said, sirs, let me your patience crave
 A little, and ere ye run hame,
 Observe what ye're about for shame;
 I'll try this fairly to unravel,
 This creature looks some like the devil,
 But then he's horn'd, and ye see
 This beast's as hummel's you or me.
 'Tis very true the beast has spoke,
 And this seems very strange to country folk;
 But beasts have spoke as well before,
 Tho' 'tis not ane among four-score;
 Witness the serpent lang finfyne,
 How glibly he tauld *Eve* his min'.
 If this to gain, your assent fails,
 Then witness the auld farren tales
 Tauld by the *Ass* to how do ye ca' him?
 A Prophet—ay, just so, *Balaam*,
 When like the Fox she'd got a skair,
 And *Balaam* spur'd her sides o'er sair.
 Besides when at the school I lear'd,
 And read a book wrote by a herd,
 Which said that sheep and oxen spake,
 And birds and tykes strange tales did crack
 Of Cæsar, and his hapless fate,
 And something 'bout the Roman state,
 Which I've forgot, howe'er in short
 I think we should pursue our sport.
 The Fox has spoke, but there's nae matter,
 You know he's of a cunning nature.
 The stupid *Ass* did speak as well,
 And full as glibly tauld her tale;
 Sae if ye like ye may gae hame,
 In godel I'll pursue the game.
 Embolden'd by these learn'd speeches
 The farmer hogged up his breeches;
 His bonnet cock'd, and fac'd about,
 And now he looked devilish stout.
 The whole inspired with new vigour,
 Return'd and made a warlike figure.
 Determin'd be it fox or devil,
 They'd teach it now to be mair civil.

This Reynard saw, who lay surrounded,
 And by the hounds fair maul'd and wounded :
 And finding now all hope was o'er,
 Alas ! quoth he, I'll never cour ;
 This day my friends 'tis a faul sin
 To chace me thus thro' thick and thin ;
 Wha ne'er did ill to ony creature,
 To auld nor young, 'tis nae my nature,
 Ye filthy *** the farmer said,
 Ye did nae ill, I've hae ye flead ;
 Did ye nae *** my horse yestreen ?
 I've gar ye rue't ere a' be deen.
 They rais'd him up, tho' fair he grudged,
 And in a body off they trudged,
 And brought him to the court at *****,
 To answer for his ill got gains,
 As in law matters I'm nae read,
 I pass the pleadings and proceed
 Unto the sentence that was past,
 At which poor Reynard stood aghast !
 The judge decreed he should restore
 The farmer's horse, and found more o'er,
 That Lourie (for I shall be brief)
 Was habit and repute a *****.
 But found himself incompetent,
 For to award due punishment:
 Howe'er, quoth he, that nane may grudge,
 I'll bring't before the proper judge.
 When this dread sentence was pronounc'd,
 And condign punishment denounc'd,
 It would hae pierc'd a heart o' stone,
 To hear poor Reynard sigh and groan.
 Alas ! quoth he, how hard's my case :
 And tears run down his *Lyard Face*.
 This madam saw, I mean my lady
 Wha lent the hounds ; and mov'd wi' pity,
 Quoth she, let me decide this cause,
 We'll nae deliver you to the laws ;
 Restore the horse, it shall be ended,
 And farther punishment suspended,
 Gramercy madam, quoth the fox,
 And now I promise gentle folks.

I ne'er again shall play sic pranks,
 Your servant madam, many thanks;
 To pray for you I'll never fail,
 He said, syne fung'd and wag'd his tail;
 And sae was going off in haste.
 At leasure Lourie, where sae fast?
 Injoin'd the lady, I command
 That ye this moment leave my land,
 And turning to the croud she said,
 Gae see my orders straight obey'd,
 And let him stay on no pretence,
 But tak' the tykes and hound him hence.
 No sooner said than it was done,
 And off in haste poor Reynard run;
 And glad am I that he's awa',
 My muse will neither drive nor ea';
 Nor will the yade gae out o' gate,
 Spur far I like nor buge a foot;
 And well I wat 'tis nae great wonder
 Tho' she be tir'd and like to funder,
 Since she set out early this morn,
 Nor has she tasted grass nor corn,
 But I foresee another chace,
 For altho' Reynard's chang'd his place,
 You'll find his nature much the same;
 And just as fond o' the old game.
 Mean time I do resign my quill.
 We'll best let sleeping dogs ly still.



CANTO II.

I Kent it, or at least suppos'd,
 Before that Canto first was clos'd,
 That we wou'd hae another chace;
 And as I thought, as true it is;
 For Reynard has again set out,
 And we maun hae the other bout.
 Banish'd as said, is by the woman;
 He built his nest upon a *Common*;
 And as he had sufficient store,
 He fed on what he'd ***** before:

Yet to his interest was not blind,
 But kept this proverb still in mind,
 " If ye a cow put in a clout,
 " Put naething till't, but still take out,"
 The proverb says, and lourie kent,
 " Ye'll soon find de'il be-lick-it in't,"
 Sae in his mind this proverb bearing,
 He again sets out a privateering;
 For having chang'd his nest, he thought
 His former pranks were a' forgot.
 Near C——, a kirk close by the road,
 As legends tell, there liv'd a *Tod*,
 Which did belong to the *Secession*,
 Which is ye know a large profession:
 Yet he his duty ne'er wou'd slip,
 But manag'd well an Eldership.
 In short he was an honest creature,
 And of a leal and upright nature.
 'Tis farther said this *Tod* did keep
 A thriving herd of fine sheep.
 The neighbours thought of no disaster,
 But brought their sheep with his to pasture;
 But this fine flock Tod Lourie views
 Returning homeward frae a cruize;
 The very sight sae fir'd his blood,
 As in trance poor Keynard stood.
 Thus oft a look will fatal prove,
 For he with them fell sae in love;
 Without them he cou'd not depart,
 The sight sae glu'd them to his heart.
 Lang did he stand in a broun study:
 And now the tykes, and then the woody,
 By turns into his mind wou'd creep:
 Again he glowr'd upo' the sheep.
 Now wou'd he take them, then the dread
 Of the vile curse maist turn'd his head.
 The night was dark, the coast was clear,
 And having overcome his fear,
 And banished all thoughts of evil,
 He now resolves, rin dog rin devil.
 Wi' sic a prize he wou'd nae part;
 But still he had a quacking heart:

In short the sheep he did unpen,
 And hame he drive them to his den.
 This far was well as he cou'd wish,
 But then it put him to a push,
 To think where he the sheep cou'd hide,
 And put him maist his wits beside,
 The tod wou'd ken that they were stown;
 He knew and claim them for his own.
 If he shou'd see them without doubt,
 And for them raise a devilish rout;
 Perhaps, raise a' his neighbour folks
 A second time to hunt the the Fox.
 But Reynard's wits were seldom wanting,
 Altho' his heart for fear was dounting;
 Sae well a ware he could not keep
 Secure at hame, nor bruck the sheep
 About his den, nor dare to fold them,
 Sae he in fine to S——r fold them,
 " Now quoth the fox, was I nae right
 " To take the sheep the other night;
 " I wou'd have been a stupid gowke,
 " If I had left sae fine a flock.
 " The Tod is but a simple creature,
 " He'll make nae words about the matter;
 " He's but a stupid senseless elf."
 Thus reason'd Reynard wi' himself:
 But *Lourie* found unto his cost,
 He'd reckon'd once without his host;
 For tho' the Tod was a quiet creature,
 Yet this became a serious matter:
 And a' maun own there was good reason;
 For those who'd sent their sheep to girsen,
 Came now and made a ruefu' clamour,
 Their cries made hill and dale to yamour.
 The Tod mair patient than the lave,
 Said, sirs it is in vain to grieve,
 And thus to make sic din about
 The beasts, they'll doubtless be found out;
 Sheep mony times has gane astray,
 And yet been found, and sae may they.
 Let us set out, I hope we'll find them,
 And we'll be at nae loss to ken them.

I'm sure altho' the beasts be shorn,
 I'll ken them a' by head and horn.
 This exhortation wise and plain,
 Brought them unto themselves again;
 And they agree a' to set out,
 And each pursu'd a seperate rout;
 Syne search'd a' the country round,
 But no where cou'd the sheep be found.
 Sae this fares on until ——— *****,
 Wha frae a journey coming back,
 Near ***** sees the beasts,
 And to his neighbours hame he hastes;
 Tells them that he upon his road
 Had seen their sheep. O! where? quoth Tod.
 Near ††††††††, and I am told
 That Reynard the haill flock hath sold,
 Quoth †††††, " 'tis true ye needna doubt it."
 We'll quoth the Tod, we'll see about it;
 Gar a' the neighbours round about
 Cry o' their tykes, an' we'll set out;
 And if he be above the yerd,
 He shall be brought before the *Laird*.
 Sae aff they sets, baith auld and young,
 Each arm'd with a trusty rung.
 In every hole and bore they look
 For Reynard, nor mist neuck nor crook;
 But all in vain, for he had seen them,
 And hid sae snug, they could nae find him.
 Sae finding a' their labour vain,
 They now resolv'd, if they cou'd gain
 Their sheep, they would return hame,
 Seeing they cou'd not start their game.
 After lang searching up and down,
 The sheep at length by chance was found.
 Away now to the laird they went,
 All in a body well content,
 And beg'd that he wou'd warrand gi',
 To take their ain. O yes, quoth he,
 Gae take your sheep, and drive them hame,
 And syne your satisfaction claim.
 An't please your honour, said the Tod,
 Altho' I'm very sure I cou'd

Pursue the Fox, yet I'll refrain,
 I'm very glad I've got my ain.
 Well quoth the laird, if that's the case,
 Then I'll take care he shall not pass.
 But how he kept his word I canna tell,
 Those that would know may ask himsel';
 He'll tell them truth they may depend,
 And this shall Canto second end.

C A N T O III.

C OME on my muse this once inspire,
 And fill me with poetic fire;
 The Fox again
 Sets out, and in a highland ire
 Has left his den;
 And loudly now does justice claim
 Against a man, I'll blank his name,
 Because forsooth
 He late his Foxship did defame,
 by telling truth.
 Nae doubt but folks will wonder how
 The creature's grown sae saucy now.
 It is right odd;
 Whom late the farmer did pursue,
 And syne the Tod-
 Yet Reynard is turn'd mighty paughty,
 And casts an air, and looks as haughty
 As whia but he;
 Nor will allow he once was naughty,
 It maunna be:
 For Reynard now has got connexions,
 Wha canna bruick these vile defections;
 Sae people tell:
 And he of a' these foul reflections
 Maun clear himsel'.
 To make the truth of this appear
 I'll be a little mair perqueer,
 And shall make plain
 The cause that raised a' this steer,
 As I was say'n.
 Near † † † † stream, as says my author,
 There stands a fair where a' this potter
 At first began;

For this twa met with each nother,
The Fox and man.
See quoth the man, who sat with B**h,
There goes the Fox, de'il shut him styth,
On some mischief.
Synne pointing to the beast, cry'd swyth
Yeugly + + + + +.
The fox cock'd up his ears at this,
And turning with a might fiff
Unto the croud;
He ca'd me + + + + +, bear witness sirs,
He cry'd aloud.
Hey! said the man, can this be you;
I ca'd you + + + + + I own, just now;
But, what about it?
Sure a' a' the country kens 'tis true,
And nane does doubt it.
Have ye forgot the farmer's sport?
And what was prov'd before the court?
Did ye na own
That ye (e'en when ye stood before't)
The horse had + + + + +?
Poor Reynard came nae sooner hame,
'Than a' his friends cry'd out for shame;
Troth ye maun clear
Yoursel'; nor langer bear the blame,
We want na gear.
Tod Lourie fear'd another storm,
And look'd like wallie to the worm.
I think quoth he,
We'll be as safe and free frae harm
To let it be.
So he a while stoutly resisted;
But still his friends in it persisted,
What cou'd he do?
For they (wae worth them) still insisted
He shou'd pursue.
Thus, Reynard 'gainst his inclination,
Was forc'd to salve his reputation,
Tho' well hekent
That a' the doctors i'the nation
Cou'd never men't.

He call'd to mind a worthy friend,
 Who once resided at + + + + +,
 He and his wife.

If in their power he con'd depend,
 Wou'd save his life.

These with two *Misses* at + + + + + + + + +,
 And mony mair which I forgot,
 A' true and trusty;

Join'd with a name sake very fit,
 Wi' conscience rusty.

With these he shortly did prevail,
 By arguments which seldom fail;
 But shall be nameless;

Yet by my faul I'll nae be bail,
 That they were blameless.

To these, syne he instructions give,
 And taught them how they shou'd behave,
 And what to say.

Then off they in a body drive
 To hunt their prey.

On this the man muster'd his force,
 And marshall'd them baith man and horse.

Just in a knitten,
 But did forget to loose his purse,
 And glack their mitten.

A town stands, where the River Dee
 Empties itself into the sea;
 And here they met,

Th' engagement is too much for me
 For to relate.

The Fox by wiles and weight o' metal,
 O'ercame the man, and gain'd the battle;
 But I forbear;

I find my subject is grown thittle,
 And add nae mair.

*Meantime, Tod Lourie if ye're wise
 Keep clos within your den,
 For if I catch you in the Pease
 I'll raise the hounds again.*

F I N I S.

July, 1778.

